

## "S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne



## The Jarr Family

MR. JARR FLOUNDERS OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

By Roy L. McDowell

THE sumptuous apartments of Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith's wealthy husband, in the Highcoats Arms on Riverside Drive, were brilliant with electric lights shining through colored and cut glass globes on the ugliest art objects that money could buy.

Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith received the guests, assisted by a very fat German baroness whose terms were \$300 a night.

Of the fair young matron's guests all were very wealthy and stupid except a very few of the friends of her spinsterhood, who, while they may have been stupid, were not at all wealthy.

These included Mrs. Jarr and Mrs. Rangle, who, as Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangle, formerly suspected, had "something on" the lady of the apartments.

Hence Mrs. Jarr and Mrs. Rangle kept to themselves during the reception and bitingly commented on the taste of the rich furnishings, the appearance of the guests and the subject bespeaking under which Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith's elderly husband suffered.

That gentleman, a tyrant downtown, where Mr. Jarr labored with other wage slaves for him, had stood out for one thing, and that was that a most remarkably intellectual though scientific person he had recently met—Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston—should be invited.

As the guests arrived one by one they were announced by a butler who had for years preserved his English accent as his employer's best brandy.

Newcomers were ushered up to where Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith and the Baroness Grubbs stood. Mrs. Mudridge-Smith said:

"How sweet of you to come!"

The guest said:

"I wouldn't miss your charming affairs for the world!"

The Baroness spoke in High German the formula of welcome, according to the Court of Saxony, where she had been a Lady-in-Waiting before these dreadful scandals, don't you know! She was also whispered at every affair the Baroness graced (when her terms were met with) that the Baroness was writing a book, "Secret Memoirs of the Court of Saxony." Their compilation was delayed, however, owing to the fact that the Baroness had not yet learned to write.

A rival German Baroness, who also helped receive, when her fee was met, at high New York social functions, was also for the whispered innuendo that the Baroness Grubbs' title was only of the Fourth Class, and had been bestowed for her having so capably fulfilled the function of nursemaid to royal twins, some thirty years before. But a trace to this society Michael Angelo Dinkston was the sensation of the evening, when he arrived in the receiving line. He wore

across a fairly clean shirt the red crimson ribbon of some order. The Baroness, an authority on such things, immediately whispered that it was the ribbon of the Order of the Iron Owl, conferred upon those who had gained the notice of the late Ludwig of Bavaria for their ability to stay up late and encourage the brewing industry and kindred trades.

Guests who had previously arrived were thrown completely in the shade by the impressive presence of Mr. Dinkston. There were two topics of the evening:

First, that these twenty-room apartments in the Highcoats Arms rented for thirty thousand dollars a year! And, second, that they contained twenty-five bathrooms! As there was a bath even to the kitchen, pantry, refrigerator, and two to some of the bedrooms de luxe, in the Highcoats Arms one could take a bath every hour of the day without waiting one's turn. What more can money do?

"The affair is very recherché," said Mr. Dinkston affably. "Sumptuous without ostentation, elegant and yet with that exquisite distinction, without which luxury becomes flamboyant!"

The Baroness whispered to the hostess that Mr. Dinkston had "the air!"

The whisper went all around that the newly arrived distinguished-looking guest of the evening had "the air!" And that the Baroness (and she knew) had said so!

Everybody having arrived, the hostess rapped her costly fan on her knuckles and announced that Madam Squallini, of whom Tetrainti and Chappell were so jealous, would sing the mad scene aria from "Lohengrin."

The buzzing of the conversation rose higher, as Mr. Pinkfinger took his place at the piano to accompany Madam Squallini. The dispute, in undertones, being whether the singer received one thousand a night or two when she sang for Mrs. Millionbucks.

The evening was on! It was a great success! There was no doubt that Clara Mudridge-Smith had busted right into the higher circles!

## Here, There and Everywhere

**Women, That's All.**

De Lacey—Say, what's the matter with the women, anyway?

De Courcy—Don't ask me! My daughter has just joined the "marriage strike." Swears she'll remain single till workingmen get shorter hours.

De Lacey—And mine is walking to Albany.

**Her Tender Heart.**

She—Mrs. Moberly is so thoughtful. She has just bought a beautiful warm muffler for her husband's automobile.

He—I wish she'd buy a pair of shoes for mine.



"Dear Marie," wrote Farmer Haycrop to his wife, "I just couldn't keep my eyes off'n that Forty-second street stage. Jeff Deacon's new one which carries the mails to Oheville ain't nowhere near it, by gum!"

**The Ten-Year-Old.**

Father—My, but you're getting bright.

Young Tom—Sure, Pop! I'm so bright that you call me son.



"We may have been bad in our day," howled the wolves, "but it's rubbing it in to compare us to a New York English bunch."



Donald—Aye, an' I'm proud o' the name. I'm the Macintosh!

McIntosh—An' for phoo did ye lose it to the Huelands, the day? Ye ashamed to wear it. That's what ye are!

## NOTES FROM SNAKES' MISERY.

Santa Claus did not get to Snakes' Misery this year either. This makes seven years hand running that he's skipped the town.

Bill Nary bet Joe Hicks there wouldn't be a single Christmas tree in town, and Bill won.

Henry Carey got the biggest one of the season on the Lodge farm. Eight rattles.

The old year goes out with only six cases of typhoid fever in town and four of diphtheria. Hall the new!

Head Policeman Waldo was a visitor this week.

Big Bill Edwards is thinking of spending Sunday in our midst.

Jack Rose spent a busy week in his new cream parlor over Hink's blacksmith shop writing a place for a Sunday newspaper in the big town.

"Rattlesnake Pete, the Terror of Midnight Gulch," is the offering at the Elite moving picture house next week. Our local minnows are anxious to glimpse the cue.

**Just Escaped.**

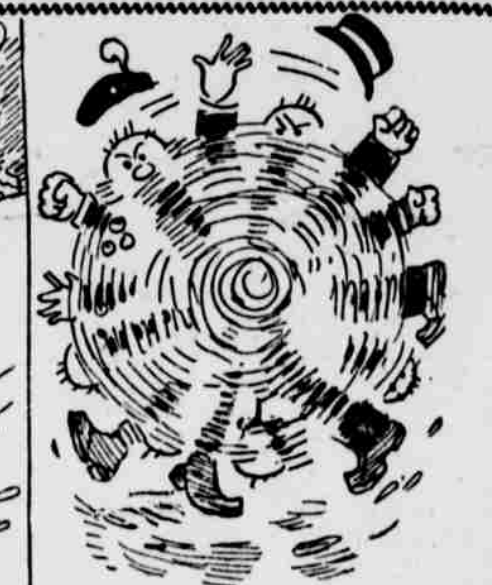
"Tee," said Eddie the whip to a fellow-pick-pocket, "I just saved myself by rare presence of mind. I want a room," says I to the clerk of the Fitz-Astor. "Will you have the suite de luxe?" says he. And say, I was just going to beat it when I thinks to myself, Well, I ain't in the Tombs."

**How to Avoid a Cold.**

When you see it coming just step to one side and let it pass by.

The Canary Bird—Miss Flo speaks French perfectly.

The Bat—Why shouldn't she? Isn't she a Parrot?



No, indeed, they are not walking to Albany. Kettie prefers her Manhattan and Lulu just loves the Bronx.



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## The Coming of the Law

"THE TWO-GUN MAN'S" Greatest Novel

By Charles Alden Seltzer

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## MARCUS, The Boarding House Goat



## Flying to India.

THE English aviator, Cody, is making plans to take part in the flight from London to India. This event has lately been organized and is likely to be of great interest on account of the unusual length of the trip. Several important prizes are to be awarded for the flight. However, the organizers are likely to postpone the event for some time, owing to the fact that the original path for the flight is still being discussed.

The latter's hand went to one of his ears, the fingers spreading out, faintly. "Holla had been listening." A low rumble greeted his ears. He looked suddenly upward at the sky, fearful that a storm, such as he had encountered months before, might be forming. But the sky was cloudless. He looked again at Norton. The latter's eyes shone brightly in the moonlight, as he leaned toward Hollis. The rumbling had grown more distinct. "It ain't a stampede," said Norton rapidly. "There wouldn't be anything to stampede cattle on a night like this. An' them's cattle!" It was about a hundred yards to the ridge toward which they had been riding, and Hollis saw Norton suddenly plunge the spurs into his pony's flank; saw the animal rush forward. As he saw his own animal the spurs and in an instant was at Norton's side, racing toward the ridge. The range boss dismounted at the bottom, swiftly threw the reins over his pony's head, and ran stealthily toward the crest. Hollis followed him.